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THE REAL

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GHOSTBUSTERS™





Have you had the feeling that things aren't quite what they seem? There are a lot of spooks out there that are adept at hiding their true identities. Even the Ghostbusters have the wool pulled over their eyes sometimes and issue thirty-three finds them being tricked by more than just one sly spectre! Janine finds a baby on her doorstep in **Little Devil**, and although most babies are a real handful this one obviously has hidden talents! Winston pays a visit to the country to do some serious relaxing in **Ghoul Fishing**, only to discover that there's nothing calm and tranquil about the waters there and the bait that lurks within. However, it seems that sometimes you don't even have to go out looking for trouble. It's amazing what you can bump into just walking along the street and, even stranger, the things that can just pass you by! If all this makes you scared of what might be lurking on your very own doorstep, stay calm, read issue thirty-three, of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** and let the professionals bust your fears away!

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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDEMORE

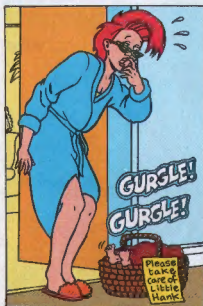
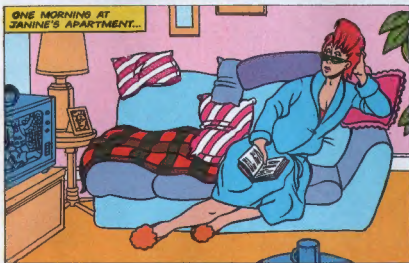


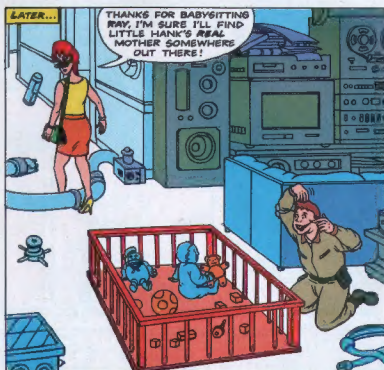
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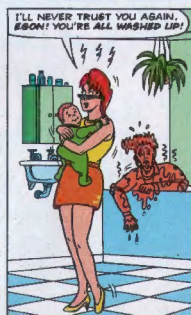
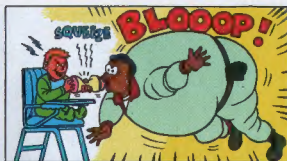


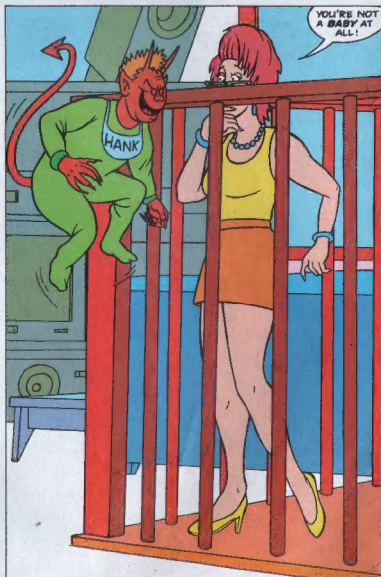
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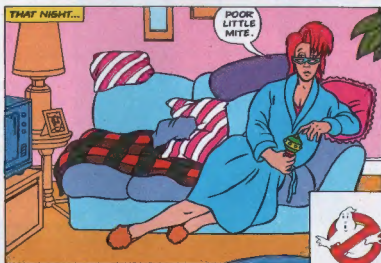
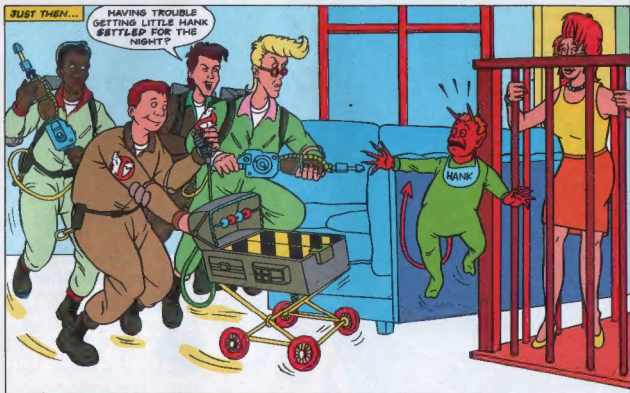
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™











THUNDERCATS™

HO!

Hi! Snarf here! With some news of the *brilliant* younger looking Thundercats comic!



It's *packed* with fun and adventure all on full colour pages!



Starring all your *favourite* characters and some who you don't like . . . Mutants!!
Snarf! Snarf!



It's in your newsagents now, so rush out and buy one.

**ONLY
38p**



SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

Last Saturday, as we sat around watching the late-night monster movie, *It Came Poling Up from the Depths of the Sea*, Winston asked me if I believed in Sea monsters, like the huge rubbery one that was currently dismembering the Brooklyn Bridge in the film. I said no, I thought if sea monsters did exist, they wouldn't be rather badly-animated, stop-motion models like that. I was then struck on the shoulder by a piece of West Pier Pizza hurled by Peter who said that I always took things too literally and would I mind answering the question properly because I knew full well what Winston had meant. So, I summoned up my wits (which isn't easy after six slices of a West Pier and two cans of Cherry Crush) and did my best to explain over the howls and roars from the film beastie, which Ray had turned up because he really wasn't interested.

SEA SERPENTS

Let's face it, the Earth's surface is two thirds ocean, some of which is over eleven kilometres deep. There's more than enough room down there for all manner of monsters of any size to hide and live, and occasionally, pop up and scare the living heebie jeebies out of passing sailors. They could be throwbacks to the age of dinosaurs, breeds of previously unknown creatures or they could be the waterborne form of Supercosmos Mega-demons holidaying in our dimension. Here are a few famous ones:



PART 33

Slippery Sam

In 1783, the merchant ship *Abernathy* was en route for Newfoundland, when the crew sighted a vast rubbery monster, of an unusually slimy appearance, swimming alongside them. Nicknamed Slippery Sam because of its slimyness, the serpent was about a hundred-yards-long and looked very mean indeed. The crew of the *Abernathy* were so scared that they hid below deck for three days until Slippery Sam got bored and swam off. The first mate later wrote "... We were sorely afear'd for our souls, for the great slippery serpent looked so wrath as to be able to rent asunder any bridge or large building withall ..."

The Anastasia Encounter

In 1897, the passengers and

GUIDE

crew of the vast ocean liner, *Anastasia* saw a terrible monster churning through the waters alongside them as they left Singapore.

Eye-witness accounts are confused, but the clearest comes from the eminent author, Winslow Pabst, a passenger on the cruise who wrote in his journal

"... Today a most pleasant game of deck quoits was interrupted by the sudden appearance of a satanic water horse off the starboard hand. Much conservation filled us all until it slid from view beneath the waters, and even then we were all most afraid that it would reappear. Vast and of a devilish demeanor, the beast looked capable of tearing down whole bridges and towns were he to become enraged ..."

Kraken

In 1972, a US navy gunboat off Bermuda, sighted a vast octopus-like beast that is generally referred to as 'the Kraken'. Believed to be a giant squid, the Kraken is a particularly ferocious monster. Commander Ritchie Eager wrote of the encounter

"... Man, it was one mean critter. I mean, sir, it had 'I'm gonna bite down the Brooklyn Bridge and then stomp on yer Mamma's neighbourhood' written all over it. So we shot it. By the time I'd told them this, the movie had ended, and a deeply dissatisfied Ray was busy explaining why it should really have been called *Twenty Thousand Leagues Below Average*.

SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your
jokes! Send 'em
to: **SLIME TIME**
Marvel Comics Ltd
13/15 Arundel Street
London
WC2



What goes Grrrr Grrrr Bang?
A monster in a minefield!
— Gary Saunders, Minehead

Where do undertakers conduct
their business from?
The box office!
— Jake Harrison, Birmingham

What eats its victims
Two-by-two?
Noah's shark!
— Steven Worthing, Brighton

What is the best way to handle
a bat?
By the handle!
— Stuart King, Cleethorpes

What do you call a skeleton
dressed in a piece of cloth?
A rag and bone man!
— Richard Glynn, Bury

What do you get if you cross a
planet with a witch?
Star wars!
— Glen Markham, Birmingham

What do you call a deadskunk?
Ex-stinked!
— Karen Harmon, Worcester

How can you tell if you've been
bitten by a vampire?
*Drink some water and see if
your neck leaks!*
— Benjamin Thomas, Gwent

When is it dangerous to have a
black cat follow you?
When you're a mouse!
— Sean Miller, Newcastle

Why was the
sword-swallowing monster
put in prison?
*He coughed and killed two
people!*
— Simon Dean, Hants

Did you hear about the ghost
who haunted Westminster?
*He became the spooker of the
House of Lords!*
— Graeme Scott, Norwich

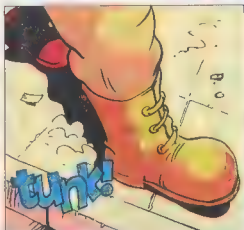
Why didn't Dracula have a
single enemy in The World?
*Because they were all in the
next!*
— Keith Allinson, Cleveland

There once was a spook in
Khartoum,
Who invited a ghost to his
room,
They spent the whole night,
With a terrible plight,
As to who should be
frightened of whom!
— Dan Abnett, Battersea

A headless ghost went to the
lost property office. The man
behind the counter looked up
and said "Sorry, sir, I can't help
you, try our head office!"
— Sue Smith, San Gabriel,
California

Why did the ghost leave his
coffin after five hundred
years?
*He felt he was old enough to
leave home!*
— Stephen Clarke, Harrow

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



Story ANDREW BRENNER ◊ Art ANDY WILDMAN and CAM SMITH ◊ Lettering HEL ◊ Colouring STUART PLACE

GHOST WRITING!



Gee, our postman is really struggling now, but keep those letters coming in – I'm beginning to feel loved at last!

Dear Peter . . .

I have some questions for you:

1. How much money do you spend on food in one week?
 2. What would you like as a pet?
 3. Will there be a story with Mr Stay-Puft in it?
 4. Ask Egon what happens when a vampire sucks someone's blood?
- Gareth Alder, Oxford

Interesting questions, Gareth!

1. Too much! You wouldn't believe how much food Slimer manages to chomp his way through! 2. Some thing quiet, slime-free and that doesn't eat much. How about a tortoise or a sloth? 3. Keep reading and find out! 4. Gee, that's a toughie. Egon says that the victim usually suffers from extreme anaemia resulting from the loss of blood. The

vampire also suffers from anaemia which is diagnosed as the lack of the mineral, iron in the blood and so, to cure his unfortunate condition, he goes in search of a victim whose iron he can drain. Personally, I think vampires are a pretty nasty bunch and I would recommend that any who happen to be reading this try taking a multivitamin supplement or something equally humane instead!

Why is Slimer working for The Real Ghostbusters? He should be locked up in the Containment Unit along with all the other ghosts!

– Martin Geraghty, Cricklewood

I couldn't agree more, Martin!

Here is a list of six things to do with your issue of *The Real Ghostbusters* when you've finished reading it:

1. Hit your little brother over the head with it (This also works on ghosts, so long as you don't mind it getting covered with slime).
2. Cut some pictures out of it, pull last year's red woolly thing out of the cupboard and glue the pictures all over it. You just might end up with next year's red woolly thing in advance, but then again you might not!
3. Tie a piece of string to it and take it for a walk!
4. Take it to bed with you and sing it a lullaby!
5. Memorise the Spirit Guide and amaze your friends with your knowledge of ghosts!
6. Make it into a kite and

frighten off all the neighbourhood ghosts!

– Sarah Yeates, Wolverhampton

I've only got one thing to say to that, Sarah, and that's what's a red woolly thing?

What are you going to do when all the ghosts have gone?

– Dale Chamberlain, Kent

Thanks for your question, Dale. When we've busted the last ghost, I am going to sit down, put my feet up and take it easy. Somehow, I get the feeling that the day will never come!

Yes, you've guessed it! I've got some questions for you:

1. Who is Egon's hair-stylist?
2. Is Ray overweight?

– James Maggs, Coventry

Thanks for your questions, James 1. That's something we'd all like to know. He's obviously in need of some kind of psychiatric help! 2. Poor Ray. He does suffer with all these jokes about his hefty build. He's not really fat, more well-built and some would say cuddly, but that's all a matter of opinion!

When Egon was a kid, did he have a chemistry set?

– Russell Mealing, Durham


Now, Russell, What do you think? Scientists are born, not made. I bet he knew what he wanted to do from the day he was born! I did, I was born cool and will always be cool!

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2

WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story **DAN ABNETT**  Art **BRIAN WILLIAMSON** and **CAM SMITH**

M

Friday, January the 20th 1989.

January is getting colder and colder. The weather isn't giving the Spring a chance at all. Janine's not giving me a chance, either. She happily sent me off with Ray in ECTO-1 yesterday, two hundred miles upstate into the dark scenery of New England.



The place was called *The Black Manse*, an ancient, crumbling mansion of dark stone, quietly mouldering in a silent woodland of black-trunked, leafless elms. It sure was spooky.

Ray did a bit of research on the way. In Vondahuck's *Paranormal Sites In New England Territories*. He managed to dig up a forty line footnote on *The Black Manse* that identified it as:

... the ancestral seat of the infamous Stark-stone family and possibly the most haunted site in all of New England. For a detailed account see Rindenburg's 'Really Haunted Places Volume Three'.

Having made sure that we didn't actually have that particular volume in the glove box, Ray and I resolved ourselves for a tough, nasty and dangerous job in a particularly cold and unfriendly part of the East Coast.

We arrived late morning, left the car by the

rusting iron gates under the watchful eyes of two of the ugliest and most moss-covered statues I've ever seen, and trudged up the shingled drive to the front door. The bell rang deep in the bowels of the dismal place. After a fair bit of hopping from foot-to-foot and blowing on our hands to keep warm, a very tall, thin, crow-like old man dressed in black came to the door. "Thank heavens you've come," he rumbled in a baritone voice that sounded like something out of *The Munsters*.



"We're having awful trouble."

We followed him in. "I am Dexter Stark-stone. This is the home of my family."

"I gather," said Ray, "that it has an impressive history."

"Indeed, young man. *The Black Manse* has had a troubled past." He looked at us earnestly. "It is what is known as ... *unquiet*."

"What sort of things happen here?" I ventured as we followed him down the vast, gloomy hallway. "Terrible things," he replied, "Unquiet things. Look in here for instance ..."

We followed his indication, and looked into a vast, empty ballroom. Dust sheets covered a few items of furniture. The wooden floor was bare.

"The small ballroom," he intoned ominous-

ly. "In here, cousin Asenath learned the news that her fiancée, Gilbert, had lost his life at Pearl Harbour. She was told in the middle of a society ball. So great was her distress, that she poisoned the punch bowl and all six hundred guests died in horrible agony."

Ray shuddered. "Now, it is said," mumbled the old man, "that the guests can be seen each Sunday night, dancing in silence, cousin Asenath looking on with a devilish grin on her cadaverous face."



We moved on. "In here," said the old man, showing us a study," Uncle Bradley hung himself from the chandelier, so great was his misery at having murdered the entire kitchen staff with a coal scuttle. Each night as six, that chair drags itself to the centre of the room, under the chandelier, then suddenly it is knocked over and a terrible creaking noise begins. The creaking of taut rope."

"Urgh," put in Ray.

"It's worse in the Kitchen. All those dismembered bodies of cooks and butlers and scullions, floating around the fireplace in a golden glow. Of course, nothing comes close to the master bedroom. That was where Francis Frayle, a friend of my father, took a machine pistol and shot my sister Edith, because she

spurned him. Members of the family tried to stop him, but then he turned on them. That day, the Starkstones lost eight second cousins, three sisters, nineteen nephews, two aunts, and the gardener, who happened to be passing. Then poor Francis, having run out of bullets, threw himself out of the window, falling through the roof of Daddy's limousine which had just pulled up outside, killing himself, the chauffeur, Aunt Edwina, Aunt Sophie, Aunt Ruth and poor, dear Daddy."

"Wow," said Ray.

"Now, each night, there comes the roar of a ghostly machine gun, the screams of the undead, the terrible howls of anguish, the whole grisly scene is played out in vivid style... it is too, too horrible. The room is permanently locked of course, but the sounds... oh my, the sounds..."

"That's quite a few spooks you have here," Ray remarked.

"That's just mentioning a few. I haven't yet told you about the headless butler in the east wing, or the screaming skulls that hover in the laundry room. Then there are the eight phantom horses that explode from the old stables every Tuesday at half-past-seven. The unspeakable, nameless, demonic thing that gibbers and wails around the house at night, and occasionally presses his awful leering face against the upstairs windows. The disembodied hand that crawls up the banisters of the main staircase. The..."

"Boy!" exclaimed Ray. "So, where do you want us to start?"

"Well, I hope you'll be able to tell me," said Dexter Starkstone. "I trust you are the very best in your business."

"That's right, sir." I said with a winning smile. "The Real Ghostbusters are the very best there is!"

"Ghostbusters?" asked the old man.

"That's right!" we chorused with a laugh.

Dexter Starkstone's face suddenly looked very miserable. "So, you have'n't come about the heating, then?" he said.



THE SPECTRUM SPOOK

This spook came from the world of White Light into our dimension to drink the colour of living people. This colourful character first made its presence known, when the Ghostbusters awoke one grey day to find that they had changed colour overnight. It was not only our heroes who were affected by its mischeivous meddling, the whole landscape had become a surreal amalgamation of hue. By the time the Ghostbusters had tracked down the spectrum spook, they had been reduced to mere pencil lines, and so, quick thinking was the order of the day. Luckily, the overpowering spook didn't prove to be too difficult to bust and the Ghostbusters managed to zap him just in the nick of time.



Stan
Lee
PRESENTS

DRAGON'S CLAWS™

GOOD DAY. MY NAME'S SLAUGHTERHOUSE. I'D LIKE TO TELL YOU ABOUT A TEAM CALLED DRAGON'S CLAWS!



"THEY WERE THE BEST PLAYERS OUR LITTLE HUNTER-AND-HUNTED GAME PRODUCED..."



"BUT THE GAME DEGENERATED AND BECAME A KIND OF GANG WAR. THE CLAWS OUT AND WERE ENLISTED AS GOVERNMENT AGENTS."

"RIGHT NOW, THEY'VE GOT A LOT ON THEIR PLATE. DRAGON HIMSELF IS HAVING A BIT OF TROUBLE WITH FRENCH TERRORISTS..."



"STEEL AND DIGIT ARE 'CROSSING SWORDS' WITH A MERCLESS ROBOTIC BOUNTY HUNTER..."



"...AND SCAVENGER AND HIS MUTT ARE DEALING WITH THE VANISHING LADIES!"

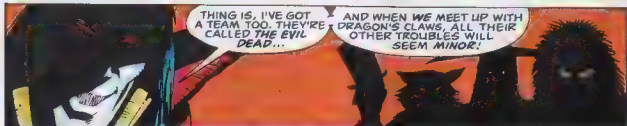


"MERCY'S GOT A COPYCAT KILLER TO CONTEND WITH..."



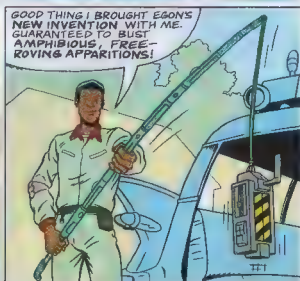
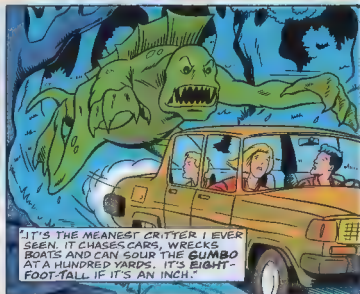
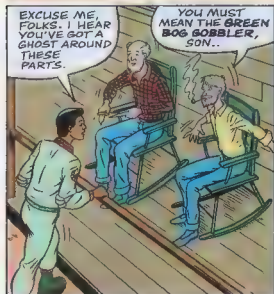
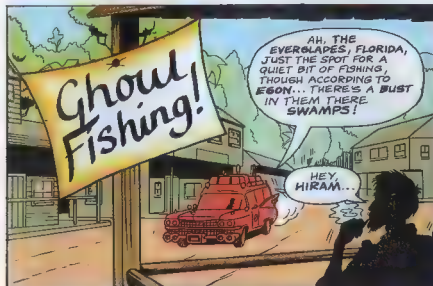
THING IS, I'VE GOT A TEAM TOO. THEY'RE CALLED THE EVIL DEAD...

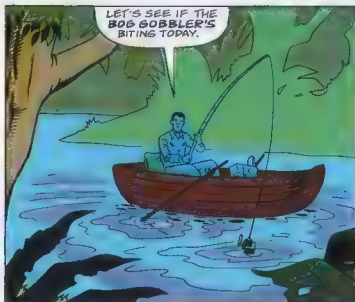
AND WHEN WE MEET UP WITH DRAGON'S CLAWS, ALL THEIR OTHER TROUBLES WILL SEEM MINOR.



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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™







BLIMEY!
IT'S...

SLIMER!



OOER! LOOKEE LOOKEE!
LIVERLY PEAR TREESSEWEE!!
SLIMER EATEMUP!
YUM!



WHY NOTTY ?? ARE THEY
POISONEE YUCKY?



NO!



IS ITTY AGAINST
THE LAW AND
ORDER?



**NEXT ISSUE:
SOMETHING'S IN
THE PIPELINE!**



THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

☐ **TRANSFORMERS 202** As if the beleaguered Autobots and Decepticons didn't have enough on their plates already, with Earth literally falling apart at the seams, enter Megatron and Galvatron – fighting side by side! The carnage abounds in part 4 of *Time Wars*, by Furman and Reed.

☐ **ACTION FORCE MONTHLY 9** When Action Force's Cover Girl goes undercover in Amsterdam, modelling a priceless diamond, it's a bait that Cobra can't resist! Trouble is, Cobra have considerably more in mind than simple robbery! *Diamond Lies* is by Furman, Smith and Elliott.

☐ **DRAGON'S CLAWS 8** If you thought the first incarnation of the Evil Dead was pretty lethal, wait till you meet the new team! Hack, Rend and Slash are the new players, and believe us – they live up to their names! Get ready for the Evil Dead's all-out assault on N.U.R.S.E... with *Dragon's Claws* slap bang in the middle! *The Evil Dead Too* is by Furman and Senior.

☐ **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 33** Is the cherubic little babe that's been left on Janine's doorstep as innocent as it looks? Of course not! *Little Devil* is delivered by Bernstein and Elliott. There are more chilling chuckles in *Spook Alley*, by Brenner and Wildman and *Ghoulfishing*, by Catton and Griffiths.

☐ **DEATH'S HEAD 3** Death's Head hits the Los Angeles of 8162... and it hits back! A routine bounty-hunt becomes a deadly game of survival when the merciless mechanoid discovers that his target – Ogrus – is playing for *High Stakes*. Dealing out the black humour are Furman, Hitch and Hine.

DON'T MISS...

☐ **THUNDERCATS 91** Deep inside Third Earth, Lynx-O and the Jivarns go in search of the greatest gift of all – sight! *Country Of The Blind* is by Alan, Braithwaite and Baskerville. Plus *A Day Out For Bengali*, a text adventure by Dan Abnett, and all the usual Thundercats games and fun.

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